



FAMOUS  
MONSTERS

#96

MARCH 1973

# SPECIAL WOLFMAN ISSUE

FAMOUS

A WARREN MAGAZINE PDC \$1.00

# MONSTERS

OF FILMLAND



**GALLERY of FAMOUS MONSTERS**



**VINCENT PRICE**  
in  
**House of Wax**

# SPEAKING OF MONSTERS

## ACKERMONSTER



PHOTO BY SAUD

*Evil a fan  
Who is poor in heart  
But Slays his preys by night  
May become a wolf  
When the wolfbane blooms  
And the moon is full of fright!*

*—Ancient Transylvanian  
poem by Lorre Tallbat*

The foregoing (or should we say feargoing) rhyme should put you in the mood for this issue, which is dedicated to all Wolfman Fans. (As the late Will Rogers, son of Buck, said: "I never met a lycanthrope I didn't like.")

We've spared no expense to make you go ape over this issue and, just so you won't wolf it down all at one sitting, we're giving you not only TWO great WOLFMAN Classics but

plenty of other ghoulish goodies besides, such as a fright feature on the vampiric Dracula, a hruise-in-the-night feature on the nocturnal Jack the Ripper, a shock-&-yock feature on the funtastic monster spoof SCHLOCK and a stack of other scary stills & stories guaranteed to drive you stark staring sane!

Foto, above, is of Ye Ed in an eyeball-to-eyeball confrontation with an FM reader who read this issue in advance—and you see the result! Incidentally, the FM reader has a secret: HE'S a SHE! Yes, wearing her own remarkable make-up is Mary Ellen Rahogliatti of Lugos Angeles, Karloffornia.

Proving once again that FM readers have more fun than anybody. Any BODY, that is.

FORREST  
ACKERMAN





**MARCH 1973/No. 96**

**OUR COVER:**  
Two Creepy people from dawn's early  
light? No, it's two Hairy Wielders from  
FW's earlier pages!

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**FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND, Number 96** Published nine times a year (including special Summer issue and special Christmas issue), by Warren Publishing Co. Editorial, Business & Subscription offices at 145 E. 32nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Second-Class mail privileges authorized at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices.

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Subscriptions in the U.S.: 9 issues (includes special Summer issue and special Christmas issue): \$9.00, Canada and Elsewhere: \$11.00. Editorial contributions are invited, provided that return postage and envelope are enclosed; however, no responsibility can be accepted for unsolicited material or photographs.

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**THE MAGAZINE MONSTERS BELIEVE IN**

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The mysterious Persian, the hero & heroine, cower on the floor, in the power of THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA.

# Mr. Monster Waits in Heaven for a LETTER TO AN ANGEL!

*This is the legendary Lon Chaney Story written by FM's Editor Ackerman and often requested ever since our readership first heard of it during the first year of FM's existence, in 1958.*

The day Lon Chaney died it came to Mrs. Roberta O'Toole like a banshee that this actor's death was to influence her life in some fateful fashion. Lon Chaney was not merely a movie star but more like a living member of her family. He was Timmy O'Toole's idol, just as young Tim was the shamrock of his Mother's eye.

All the time she was undressing Timmy for bed, worry-thoughts niggled and nagged in Mother's mind. How should she break the bad news to him? He was sure to be shocked. It was worse than the Christmas when parents finally nerve themselves to tell their youngsters that ... there is no Santa Claus.

Would her Mother's instinct tell her the right moment? Or could she skillfully maneuver it some way? It would be cruel to leave him to learn about it at school tomorrow from one of the members of his Monster Club.

The solution offered itself quite naturally. Timmy, the pajama fly neatly buttoned up over

his plump little bottom, knelt by his pillow and said his good night prayers. After the family names and the President, he concluded: "And God bless Douglas Fairbanks, and Mary Pickford, and most of all God bless Lon Chaney." Then he turned and kissed his Mommy and clambered into bed.

"Tell me a ghost story," he said. "With Lon Chaney in it."

Mother hesitated.

"Timmy—" she began. Her voice held a strange sound in it, moist and minory, like the time his little puppy, Clover King, had been run over. Sensing some tragedy about to enter his life, Timmy hugged his cloth-and-stuffings replacement of Clover.

"Timmy—Mommy has something to tell you. About Mr. Chaney. You know, people don't live forever. Especially people who work very hard. And Mr. Chaney—he died today. He—"

She said no more but helplessly regarded in



Pathetic victim of a mad scientist's evolutionary experiment: Lan as the ape-man in *A BLIND BARGAIN*, 'way back in 1922.



mute horror what she had done to her little son. With all the love and best intentions in the world she had not been able to protect him from this moment. His china-blue eyes had gone saucer-wide. His naturally pale face had visibly whitened. Unconsciously he clutched Clover around his muzzle. His nose wrinkled, his face squeezed up and his breath escaped irregularly, as though he had the start of a sniffly cold.

"Lon Chaney...died? He died?" Disbelief, soul-deep, clogged Timmy's throat.

"Yes, dear. In the newspaper it said..."

"Show me!" His voice held the tone of Doubting Thomas, insisting to touch the wound in the side of his risen Master.

Mother moved into the front room, grateful for a momentary escape from her grim ordeal.

"Jerome, have you got the paper handy?" Father handed the paper to Mother.

"How's he taking it?"

"Hard—worse than we thought."

Mother returned to the bedroom. Timmy sat up straight in bed, like a martyr about to lose his eyesight. "Show me!" he said. "Show me where it says!"

Mother pointed to the headlines. The type was very large. **WORLD MOURNS CHANEY**. There was a montage covering half the front page: Chaney as Quasimodo, as **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA**, as the slant-eyed Oriental **MR. WU**, as the Pagliacci of **HE WHO GETS SLAPPED**, as the contorted cripple of **THE MIRACLE MAN**. August 26th 1930, and Lon Chaney, the master of make-up, "the man of a thousand faces", was dead of cancer in a Hollywood hospital.

Timmy held the paper in his hands a long, long time. It trembled slightly. Mother said nothing. She saw tears forming in his eyes. She sat helplessly by, not knowing what to say in this crisis, what gesture of comfort or understanding to offer.

Then she saw something else forming in Timmy's eyes: resolution. He threw off the bed covers.

"Timmy! Whatever are you doing?"

"I have to get dressed, Mom."

"Dressed? At this time of night? It's nearly quarter of nine, dear. Whatever for?"

"Something."

"Well—" Mother hesitated. An appeal to authority: "I don't know what your Daddy will say. Perhaps I'd better go ask him."

Mother left the room in indecision. Timmy was busy shrugging back into his coveralls.

Mother went directly to Father. Father put down his pipe. "Timmy is acting funny," she said.

"In what way?"

"He's getting dressed. I can't think whatever for."

"Dressed? Let's see."

Mother trailed Father to Timmy's room.

Timmy was sitting at his writing desk. He

had torn a page from his Big Five notebook. He was laboriously printing something, nervously licking the pencil lead from time to time. When he was finished, he volunteered to show what he had written to Mother and Father.

Dear Lon Chaney. Don't be lonely tonight. I am praying for you, and missing you. I will never forget you. Please answer this if you can. Your Best Fan. Timothy O'Toole, 5327 Citrus Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

"Now I need an envelope. And a stamp. An airmail stamp."

Wordlessly, with a look of incomprehension to Father, Mother fetched Timmy his envelope and stamp. Timmy folded the note neatly twice, inserted it in the envelope, licked the flap, sealed it and printed on the cover: **LON CHANEY, HEAVEN**. Then he affixed the big red-and-blue five-center.



A legless Lon marches on!

Again he found use for his parents. "Dad, have you a flashlight?"

"Why, what for, son?"

"I want to find my kite."

"At this time of night?" asked Mrs. O'Toole.

"Please—it's very important, Mother."

"What do you want with your kite tonight, Timmy?"

"I need to send this message, Dad,"

"To Lon Chaney? With your kite?"

"Yes."

Mother turned away to stifle a sob.

"Don't you think it's a little late, son?"

"Gosh, it's already after 9 o'clock. Dad, what time do angels go to bed?"

"Why—I really don't know."

"I guess grown angels stay up pretty late," suggested Mother.

"Then I have to go."

Mother went to the closet and brought back Timmy's warm green pullover. "I want you to put this on if you're going out into the chilly night air," she said. Gently she pulled the sweater over Timmy's head, and down over his little humped back.

In the dark garage Daddy chased eerie shadows away with the pale beam from the Ten Cent Store searchlight. The amber ray fell on Timmy's home-made goblin mask with its hollow cucumber nose protruding like a tapir's snout and its mass of excelsior hair dyed blood red with

Rit. The light touched his penny-a-day lending library of a baker's dozen of GHOST STORIES magazine with their spooky covers.

Outside a chorus of crickets stridulated their night-song: *crikadee... crikadee... crikadee*.

Illuminated in turn were Timmy's "genuine" aborigine boomerang, procured from the catalog of the mail-order novelty house in Kansas; his precious personally scissored and pasted scrapbook of Lon Chaney pictures; the gunpowdery smelling shells of burned-out fireworks, still saved from the Fourth as fine mementoes of an exhilarating evening of pyrotechnics; and, at last, hung up on a ten-penny nail, his dusty kite. The bad tear in it would need repair before it could take to the sky again. Mother's brown stickum paper could take care of that.

A big Daddy Longlegs, his nocturnal affairs disturbed by this unusual activity in his domain and sensing danger, hastily began to descend from the web he had industriously spun over the kite.

*Don't step on it—it may be Lon Chaney!*

If every kid in the country took the publicists as seriously as Timmy, no flack artist need ever worry about his promotion being successful. Yes, Timmy was convinced, a man who could make his legs disappear, who could grow a hump on his back *and take it off again* (that was a trick Timmy hoped to accomplish when he grew up,) who could look like he was blind, who could throw



Watch out!—he's in a mean mood in THE ROAD TO MANDALAY (MGM 1926).

real sharp knives with his toes and hit the bull's-eye, who could slide down a tight wire on his head—who was to deny that such a god-like man might not also make himself look like a gorilla or a scarecrow ... or even a spider?

Timmy, his own shadow wavering like some supernatural spectre, reached with a finger and cautiously picked Mr. Longlegs' web-strand out of the air. Gently he let the old grandfather down onto the oily gravel, watched him scuttle away to safety behind an empty orange crate. Then Daddy lifted down the Hi-Flyer.

They took the kite into the house, Mother insisted on taking it back to the backporch and dusting it off. Its rent was patched. Then Timmy took a safety pin and attached his envelope to the tattered tail of the kite—a couple of Father's Day ties that had seen better days.

Son and Father set out hand in hand for the ball park. Mother was agitated but Dad had nodded his browfurrowed quick short "don't interfere" nod, so she bided her counsel and contented herself with calling after them, "Try not to be too long, Daddy. Timmy isn't used to the night air and it's long past his bed time."

"Alright, dear."

"And don't let him overexert himself. The doctor ..."

It was hard work to get the kite into the air; there was very little breeze stirring that night. Dad stood on tiptoes and held the kite way high as he could but every time Timmy would run off with it, it would abruptly nosedive to the ground, threatening to crack its wooden skeleton.

"Hadn't you better let me try, son?" Dad offered after Timmy had made half a dozen unsuccessful trial runs; but, no, Timmy had to launch it himself. It was *his* message and he was responsible for getting it delivered.

At last a vagrant breeze caught the kite and the ball of string unwound in Timmy's hands as the Hi-Flyer took to its medium and chased toward the clouds. Finally the string came to its end and only the stick was left.

The kite bobbed about in the vault above like a high flying phantom and Daddy thought he saw something flutter from its tail but he couldn't be sure. Little Timmy was panting from exertion, the freckled forehead of his flushed face spattered with perspiration. Mother wouldn't approve; in fact, Daddy wasn't too pleased with the situation himself. After about half an hour of the kite flying Jerome O'Toole tentatively suggested, "Don't you think it's about time to reel it in now, son?"

"Just 10 minutes more," Timmy said. "The message has a long way to go."

Moonlight made a white shield of the kite.

Minutes passed in silence till, "He was a wonderful man," Timmy said. "He could do anything. I'll bet not even Dunninger or Thurston or Houdini ever could do Lon Chaney's tricks—like making a hump disappear."



A sad Lon Chaney is **THE UNKNOWN** (MGM 1927). A strange story in which he **DELIBERATELY CUT OFF HIS ARMS**, hoping to win the woman he loved. Note how he is holding his handkerchief with his **FOOT & TOES!**

The Little Old Lady from **Poison-Dinner** (UNHOLY 3.)



"Yes," said Jerome O'Toole, avoiding to look at his son's forever-crooked back, "he was a great man."

When they reeled the kite in a few minutes later, the message was gone.

On the way home they passed Dorschkind's Drugstore, which was still open, and Dad said, "How about a double-decker cornucopia?" But Timmy replied, "I'm not very hungry tonight."

Mother tucked an exhausted boy into bed a second time that night. "Do you think he got my message, Mama?" Earnest eyes looked searchingly to Mama for confirmation. Mama, her own eyes shiny bright with unshed moisture, bent and kissed her son on his sweet little mouth. "I'm sure of it, darling. Now, go to sleep—and pleasant dreams."

"Goodnight, Mommy. And God bless Lon Chaney..."

Long after Timmy had been taken by the sandman Mother sat by his bedside and peered inwardly at the cinema of her own mind. She saw again his 7th birthday, when LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT had been playing at the neighborhood theater and he had preferred treating all his friends to the show to having a party at home with games and prizes and all the trimmings. She had given him a dollar bill and he had proudly stepped up to the box-office window and pushed it through the wicket to the cashier. "Ten tickets, please!" Then he ushered his little pals and girlfriends into the lobby, down the aisle single file, and as near the front as he could possibly get. It gave Mother a headache to sit that near but she endured. She shuddered at the memory of the bone-white face Chaney effected as the London monster, with his eyes popping like olive pits out of hard-boiled eggs, and the scary teeth that sent shivers up her spine in retrospect. The man always frightened her but Timmy couldn't get enough of him. Cora and Fifi, the next door twins, however, were paralyzed with fear, and Mrs. O'Toole had to take them home before many reels had unwound.

She would never cease feeling jittery at the memory of that living death's-head that Chaney had somehow created in THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA. She had actually shrieked right out loud in the theater and buried her head, embarrassed, on Father's chest when Mary Philbin slipped the mask off Chaney as he sat playing the organ. His outraged visage had been horror incarnate: bulging, bloodshot eyes fatigued with violet semicircles beneath them; the grotesquely exaggerated mounds of the cheekbones; the hooked-up, flaring, porcine nostrils; the rotted, jagged teeth, like the rim of an enameled tincan top opened with a ragged knife; the scraggly strands of dead gray hair hanging like soggy serpentine from the incredible dome of a head... But little Tim had screamed in pure delight and clapped his hands—and insisted on returning for the Saturday matinee. He was there Sunday too,

sitting through two complete showings, fortified only by a bag of jujubes and an Abazaba. That Timmy! That precious little tyke!

Mother shook herself from reminiscing. She patted Timmy's tousled head, pressed a kiss to his soft young cheek, then went to the adjoining room and bed with Father.

Timmy had a sore throat and running nose the next morning, which was a drizzly day anyway, so Mother decided to keep him home from school. He sat impatiently looking out the front window at the porch, waiting for the mailman. When he saw the rubber raincoated figure coming up the street, letter bag under arms, he ran and stood anxiously waiting by the door.

"Have you anything for me, Mr. Post-Toastie Man?" Timmy inquired expectantly.

"Why, no, 'fraid I haven't, young fella. Just for your Pop. How come you aren't in school?"

"Timmy has a cold coming on, I'm afraid," said Mother, arriving at the door to receive the mail. Pressing Timmy to her side she managed to suggest, "Maybe there'll be a letter for you tomorrow, dear."

"Who's he expecting to hear from? Little early for Christmas," said the Post-Toastie Man as he departed.

"An angel!" Timmy called after him.

The carrier halted momentarily in his tracks, looked back, chuckled, then continued along his route.

Timmy passed the rest of the day thumbing through his scrapbook for the thousandth time. Here was a bald Lon Chaney, confined to a wheelchair, in WEST OF ZANZIBAR (where the delicious Abazabas with their peanut butter centers came from)—yet here he had regained use of his legs and in fact was throwing knives with his feet!

This picture always made Timmy laugh: Lon made up like a woman! Imagine, a kind white-haired old lady, old enough to be his own Gra' Maureen! That was a real funny one—Lon Chaney pretending like he was a lady. That was about the only thing Timmy *wouldn't* want to be.

Now look at those fingernails, so long they looked like those icky things they called skalactites or something. Their length meant he was a very rich Mandarin and didn't have to work, so he could let his fingernails grow. Sometimes, and for the same reason, Timmy wished he were a Mandarin.

But most of all Timmy wished he knew Lon Chaney's secrets; how, from a hunchback just like Tim, Lon could turn himself from Quasimodo into a wonderful clown with a back as straight as a wooden school ruler.

That night Mother and Dad had a serious talk about their Timmy lad. Mr. O'Toole was of the opinion the boy would forget about his tragic loss and the letter in a couple of days and everything would return to normal. Mother wasn't



The Clown at Midnight fills the town with fright.

Gnawing on a bone as the half-witted Russian peasant of MGM's **MOCKERY**, 1927. With a little imagination can't you see him as Larry Talbot the lycanthrope in the role made famous by his son? **THE WOLFMAN!**



As the wheelchair menace of **WEST OF ZANZIBAR**, MGM, 1928.

Quasimoda cringes back in fright as his evil master hides in the shadows of **NOTRE DAME** (Universal 1923).





The Mighty Mogician of the Silent Cinema, up to one of his Mony Tricks.

so optimistic. "What would you think of writing an answer to Timmy?" Mother put forward the suggestion timidly.

"What! Me? Pretend to be Lon Chaney?"

"You could just say 'Thank you for your kind wishes', or something like that," Mother persisted.

During the night Timmy developed pneumonia. He tossed and turned and it hurt Mother and Dad to the heart to watch their son roll restlessly back and forth on his curved back.

In the morning the doctor thought Timmy might have to go to the hospital. The youngster insisted he would *have* to stay home and wait for the mail. Lon Chaney might want to hear from him again. Now that he was dead, he might even reveal his secrets—at least to his greatest admirer.

Timmy's spirits declined visibly when the mail came that day and there was no letter for him. Mother called Dad home from work at noon time and they had a hurried conference, as a result of which Dad agreed that he would write a letter from Lon Chaney that evening. That it was delivered the next day was too much for the broken-hearted O'Tooles to bear, because—

Timmy O'Toole died in his sleep shortly before midnight.

The mightiest and most majestic of all clocks, which tolls the time in Heaven, has a bell of supernatural perfection fashioned of purest gold with tongue of solid silver. As it pealed forth the hour

of 12 throughout the Kingdom, Timmy O'Toole approached the Pearly Gates. He did not even notice as St. Peter swung them wide for him: his gaze was intent on the angels, and he was seeking one in particular as the harps played promises of Paradise and the Heavenly Choir sang "Hallelujah!" to welcome this big-hearted little soul into the Father's Mansion.

Then Timmy's heart leapt right into his throat. *Timmy recognized HIM.* His beloved idol sat on a magnificent throne and he wore the most impressive make-up of all. He was giant tall; and a tremendous beard, bright as the sun at the equator, flowed from his infinitely kind face to the floor of polished ivory. And an astonishing circle of shimmering light shone over his head—a thrilling effect that Timmy had never seen in any movie.

"Come here, my boy," he bade him, and he spoke with the resonant volume of the mighty organ that always accompanied his pictures.

"Lon Chaney!" Timmy cried with a cry of ineffable joy and sprang forward and leaped into his lap.

And the Good Lord's eyes were bright with understanding as He laid His arm 'round Timmy's shoulders. And Timmy's back miraculously straightened and his hated hump disappeared as God enfolded him but Timmy did not even notice he was free of his deformity.

His face was turned upward in adoration.

"Lon Chaney!" he breathed.

And God smiled.

END



A DIFFERENT still from MR. WU than the one you're used to seeing. MGM 1927, and a masterpiece of make-up for the Man of a Thousand Faces.

# TWINS OF EVIL AND HANDS OF THE RIPPER!

this terror pair!  
take care! beware!



Count Karnstein. His Job: Vampirism!



Jolly Jack. His Job. Nightly Ripoffs!



Mistaken for a Witch, even her Fiery Godmother couldn't help her now!

## satan selects

A small house in a quiet forest. All is peaceful & calm until all of a sudden—Gustav Weil (PETER CUSHING) and an angry group of men burst thru the cabin door. Inside is a terrified young woman. The screaming girl is dragged from her home, tied to a tree and a fire set at her feet. *Burn witch burn!*—and the hysterical victim dies in the flames.

The band of puritan "brothers" departs, satisfied that they have purified the errant soul of another of the Devil's disciples.

Soon after the witch-burning, orphaned identical twins Maria & Frieda Gellhorn (Mary & Madeleine Collinson) arrive in the town to live with their uncle Weil. Maria is pure & righteous, Frieda

is a wanton & wicked. Frieda frequently bullies & torments her gentle sister. She is an obvious candidate for a convert to Satan.

## vampire in the village

The twins are enrolled in a school, where their handsome young music teacher Anton Hoffer (David Warbeck) is immediately attracted to Maria. He claims he can tell the sisters apart.

Ingrid (Isobel Black), Anton's sister and herself a teacher, befriends Frieda.

By night the puritan witch-hunters terrorize the countryside in search of "sinners." While innocent people suffer by the torch, others die a much stranger death, for there is a hungry—correction: thirsty—vampire at large in the neigh-

borhood!

Oddly, those who fall prey to the midnight predator do not become undead, just—dead. The premise of this plot is that only the truly wicked metamorphose into vampires when bitten by one of the bloodsucking human bats.

The frightened villagers suspect that Count Karnstein (Damien Thomas) is the vampire but actually they are wrong. The count lives in a castle on a mountaintop overlooking the town. He is protected by his status and the "purifiers" are afraid to move against him without proof that he is the unholy, undead thing they suspect.

## power in the blood

One bleak evening the count gets bored and

decides on a little sanguinary diversion: he will make a blood sacrifice to Satan. So after his guests have left, he ties a left over girl to a stone slab and stabs her thru the heart with a dagger. The noble(?) man then waits for Beelzebub to materialize and drive him the customary hard bargain for his soul.

But to the count's great disappointment, the Devil fails to appear. It seems that the murder of the young maiden has been for naught.

However! Drip by drip the blood from the fresh corpse splashes to the stone floor beneath the crimson altar, seeping thru to the Karnstein family crypt directly below. The red liquid of life from the newly dead body encarnimates a single coffin. Soon, a wraith-like cloud of smoke forms and floats to the sinister room above. There





Passed by the malignant spirit of a dead man, Anno assaults & chokes poor blind Laura. (Angharad Rees vs. Jane Merrow.)

the ominous ectoplasm solidifies into a dark, cloaked figure. Lost in a deep brown study, the brooding count does not notice the phantom form till it is upon him.

The menacing being is the ghost of one of the count's female ancestors. But more than that it is—a vampire!

## the contamination of karnstein

The count has sought to summon the Devil but instead one of His disciples has answered his call.

*The bat-girl bites!*

And Count Karnstein is now a VIP: Vampire In Perpetuity!

Perhaps because he originally had the day-lights scared out of him by the vampire girl, the count, now that he is one of the undead, can survive in sunshine, a feat which, as every well-educated vampirologist knows, is usually a no-no among the Nosferatu set.

When Frieda meets Karnstein she is immediately attracted to him and it is not long before she finds an excuse to call on him at night in his castle.

## the fresh blood of frieda

It is Frieda's last night as a human being. When Karnstein sinks his fangs into the throat of his incautious guest, she—because she is so evil—also becomes a vampire. In a matter of

moments she slays her first victim, a woman imprisoned in the count's castle.

Naturally, thereafter, the number of nightly murders increases. So do the nocturnal hunts for the vampires.

Up till now Anton Hoffer has been against the executions of the girls suspected of being Satan's followers but when his own sister turns out to be the next vampire victim, he decides Karnstein must be stopped at all costs.

The brotherhood doubles its efforts.

Frieda is taken by surprise by the puritan patrol, caught in the act with the blood from her latest victim betraying her actions.

## captured by the cross

Shocked by the sudden realization that Frieda is not a witch but a vampire, the puritans pull out their crosses for protection and soon have her cowering. They take her to the town prison where she is "tried" and found guilty of vampirism. The unanimous verdict: *death by fire!*

Karnstein, learning that his partner-of-the-night is to be burned at the stake, plots with diabolical cunning to thwart "justice" and save her from the lethal flames: he kidnaps Frieda's twin sister Maria and substitutes the innocent girl for the unclean creature!

Soon after the brotherhood arrives and drags Maria from her cell, struggling and screaming that they are making a terrible mistake. Is the mistake rectified or does Maria get fried instead



Village vampire vents her ire on an unwilling victim. (Madeleine Collinson as the mad maiden of **TWINS OF EVIL** does in Dennis Price.)

of Frieda? How many more people die before the undead fiends of darkness are destroyed? *Are the vampires destroyed?*

Better not see this film alone: if somebody doesn't accompany you, you might become an instant twin. How? By *being beside yourself with terror!*

### scarface strikes

We turn our attention now to **HANDS OF THE RIPPER**, the Hammer film that is being co-featured with **TWINS OF EVIL**.

There have been about 14 "Ripper" films in all, to date, and from all indications this is one that's cut out for a (J)cademy award.

When we first see Jack, he's suffering from a bad case of super-acne, his face blotched with infectious scars. And not only is he short of good looks but short of breath as well as an angry mob is chasing him. Seems they don't take too kindly to his unusual hobby of killing women.

A few steps ahead of his pursuers, the breathless Jack rips into his livingroom and turns it into a dyingroom as he stabs his wife to death—right in front of the horrified eyes of their young daughter Anna. The uncomprehending child, still blinking because of the glare from Daddy Ripper's knife, is picked up by her fiendish father and given a farewell kiss on the cheek. Before the crowd can catch him, Jack disappears, leaving his motherless child alone and cursed:

### seance fiction

Years later we see the pretty little Ripper girl again, now grown up to a pretty *big* girl (Ang-harad Rees) and guilt-ridden because of a forced involvement with her guardian, Mrs. Golding (Dora Bryan), who makes her living as a fraudulent medium.

One night after a "seance," Mrs. Golding agrees to allow a Dr. Dysart (Derek Godfrey) to make advances to Anna. Anna refuses to cooperate, at which the doctor offers her a diamond brooch. When the light from the brilliant jewel is reflected in the girl's eyes, she is affected as tho hypnotized. She seems to fall into a trance! The doctor, in turn, falls into a rage.

Mrs. Golding, appearing on the scene to console the girl, kisses her on the cheek. Anna is restimulated: in the mirror of her mind she sees once again her mother's brutal death... and involuntarily grabs a poker from the fireplace. Her hands become those of her father's!

Dysart runs out into the night just as Dr. Pritchard (Eric Porter) walks into the house. Pritchard walks into more than he bargains for, for upstairs he discovers Mrs. Golding has had to cancel all future seances: The fake medium is well done-in, her stomach and half the thick wooden door pierced by the poker!

### the hands of ole jack

Poor Anna, she's sent to prison for a crime



she didn't really commit. But Dr. Pritchard, who is a psychiatrist and senses something weird about Anna's case, succeeds in having her released in his custody. He takes her home, where she meets his son Michael (Keith Bell) and Michael's blind fiancée Laura (Jane Merrow).

Not long afterward, the kindly housekeeper (Marjie Lawrence) prepares Anna for an evening social event. A necklace reflects light into Anna's eyes and the unfortunate girl goes into another trance. When the older woman kisses her on the cheek, it triggers the terrifying memory of her mother's murder and again Anna's hands change.

Anna seizes a hand mirror and smashes it. But the broken mirror brings bad luck to the housekeeper, not Anna, for when Dr. Pritchard returns home it is to find his servant taking a bath—in her own blood.

Anna is still in a dazed condition but her hands have returned to normal. Her psychiatrist guardian realizes that this charming girl is a two-time killer but what he does not comprehend is that she is possessed by her father's evil spirit. Dr. Pritchard decides the law would not understand Anna's condition and he must attempt to determine the cause of it himself.

## **liz gets the biz**

Long Liz, a woman who is anybody's honey for money, befriends Anna, and this is her undoing.

For a third time Anna is accidentally mesmerized, then restimulated by a kiss on the cheek, and her hands fall under the spell of the supernatural once more and change into those of a murderer.

Grabbing a handful of hatpins, Anna uses Liz's eyes as a pincushion and, in agony & terror, the screaming woman staggers blindly into the street and to her death.

## **medium rare**

Dr. Pritchard takes Anna to see that rare article, a genuine medium. Madame Bullard (Margaret Rawlings) probes Anna's subconscious and learns the identity of the Ripper—but refuses to divulge the man's name to Pritchard. While the medium & the doctor are conversing, Anna gets mixed up with a mirror again and into a mediumistic state. Had Madame Bullard been a clairvoyant rather than a ghost-getter, she would have foreseen what happens next: her own death by stabbing in the heart.

Pritchard struggles with the possessed girl and is rewarded for his efforts by being attacked with a ceremonial sword! He is severely injured but fights to remain alive. Soon after, Anna attempts to kill the blind girl Laura.

More we will not tell. We will only say that you'd have to be Rip Van Winkle to fall asleep at this one!

**END**

**Fake Medium:** she failed to receive a spirit warning of her own death.

**Evil Caunt Karnstein** hapes girl in ropes digs daggers. (Damien Thamas.)





Dr. John Pritchard (Eric Porter) is horrified to discover the mutilated body of his housemaid (Morjie Lawrence) in bloody bothwater in *HANDS OF THE RIPPER*. (All fotos in this double feature courtesy Universoi Pictures.)



When Hairy Larry croons his sweetheart sighs and swoons. (Lon Chaney Jr. gives Evelyn Ankers 22 "the treatment" in 1941 Universal classic of horror.)

# THE WOLF MAN



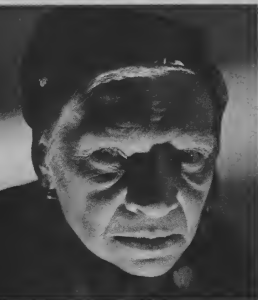
CHANNEY... LUGOSI  
...RAINS... RELIVE  
A NIGHTMARE IN THIS  
WEREWOLF CLASSIC

FILMBOOK  
BY G. JOHN EDWARDS & BILL WARREN

YOUNG Larry Talbot (*Lon Chaney Jr.*) returns to his home in Wales where he is met by his father, Sir John (*Claude Rains*). Inside Larry briefly meet his boyhood friend Paul Montford (Ralph Bellamy), now chief constable. Later Larry wanders down into the village and in an antique shop encounters an interesting girl (Gwen Conliffe: Evelyn Ankers) and an interesting cane with a gleaming silver head. "A wolf," he observes, examining the head; "a wolf & a star. What does that mean?"



The late Claude Rains takes the long view of things as he sights thru his telescope while Lon Chaney Jr. makes adjustment.



Maleva the clairvoyant Gypsy who sees tragedy ahead for Larry Talbot. (The late Maria Ouspenskaya.)

"It's a rare piece," explains the girl, "showing a pentagram, the sign of the werewolf—a human being who at certain times changes into a wolf. An old poem says:

*Even a man who is pure at heart and says his prayers by night, May become a wolf when the wolfbane blooms and the autumn moon is bright."*

"What's this pentagram business?" asks Larry.

"Every werewolf is marked by that. And he sees it in the palm of his next victim's hand." Intrigued, he buys the cane and departs.

Later, Larry talks to his father and about werewolves. To his surprise, Sir John recites the same rhyme as Gwen Conliffe.

Larry manages to persuade Gwen to go with him to a nearby gypsy camp. To his dismay, Gwen brings her friend Jennie Williams (Fay Helm). While walking thru the mist-shrouded forest, Jennie pauses at a small shrub—wolfbane! She plucks some blossoms. They resume their journey thru the spectral forest. At the gypsy camp Bela the gypsy (Bela Lugosi) greets them and offers to tell their fortunes. Jennie enters the wagon first. Bela looks at the cards Jennie has chosen, then glances up worriedly. He tosses the deck aside, burying his face in his hands. "Your hands, please," Bela manages to smile. "Your left hand shows your past—your right hand shows your future." As he gazes into her right palm, he is paralyzed with horror



Four years passed between these 2 make-ups! TOP, we see JACK PIERCE in 1945 at midway mark in creating grisly visage for "Larry Talbot" (LON CHANEY JR.) in Universal's *HOUSE OF DRACULA*. "It required more than 4 hours to complete the job of attaching the yak hair to cover Lon's face," remembers JACK. In the BOTTOM pic, taken in '41, PIERCE combs hair of *THE WOLF MAN*, one of his greatest creations.



# FAMOUS MONSTERS' BONUS PAGE FOR WOLFEMAN FANS





& fear—for the pentagram slowly materializes in Jennie's palm!

Terrified, Bela leaps up, knocking over his chair, and with a wild cry sends the frightened girl out of the wagon in a panic-stricken run. Nearby, Bela's mother Maleva (Marie Ouspenskaya) watches the scared girl flee and realizes it is The Time. Suddenly a blood-curdling howl rends the mist of midnight echoing ominously thru the forest, pursuing Jennie in her flight. And then Jennie screams. Larry whirls about at the two strange cries. He recognizes one as Jennie's voices and instantly bounds away. "Stay here!" he calls back to the terrified Gwen.

He comes upon a fearsome scene: a frothing wolf with blood on its fangs, tearing at Jennie's fallen body. Larry seizes the beast, holding its growling head in one hand while he beats it frantically with the silver-headed cane. As the animal's crimson-stained claws slash at him, Larry strangles the beast, pounding his cane into the carcass with heavy blows till the wolf is dead.

But Larry's victory is not without cost—he is severely wounded. He stumbles away from the beast, gripping his pain-throbbing chest, and falls unconscious. Gwen & Maleva find Larry at the same time and Gwen tells the old gypsy what has hap-



Larry Talbot thinks of his future with fear after what Maleva told him.



Sir John Talbot, father of Larry, ties him to a chair—hoping this will keep Larry from further killing if he changes into the hairy one.



"Your way was thorny," Maleva tells mortally wounded wolfman who, in death, returns to his normal human appearance.



pened. They help the injured Larry into Maleva's wagon and start for Talbot Castle. Sir John and Paul Montford are sitting before the fireplace, discussing Larry, when the door is thrown open suddenly. Gwen & Maleva bear the unconscious Larry inside, laying him down. Maleva silently disappears as Sir John reaches his son's side. "He was bitten by a wolf," Gwen manages to gasp. "Wolf?" echoes

Paul incredulously. "Haven't been wolves around here for years." Larry groans painfully: "Jennie—someone help Jennie . . ."

Suddenly a villager rushes in, panting heavily. "Sir John! Captain Montford! By the marsh—I" he cries. "Jennie Williams! She's been murdered! Her throat . . .!"

Montford leaps up. "Show me the spot!" He turns



Master make-up that took hours to apply from the hand of the wizard of horror artistry, Jack Pierce. 29



Claude Rains raises the silver-headed cane of doom that brings death—and release—to his cinema son

to Sir John. "I'll send Dr. Lloyd, sir." He & the villager dash out as Sir John helps his son upstairs.

When Montford, Dr. Lloyd (Warren William & Frank Andrews (Patric Knowles), Gwen's fiancée, arrive at the marsh, they discover Jennie's body, her throat torn out by some large animal. And nearby is the body of Bela the gypsy, apparently beaten to death by the strange silver-headed cane lying nearby. The silver head is in the form of a wolf . . .

In the morning, Larry is awakened as Sir John, Montford & Dr. Lloyd file into the room. "Good morning, Larry," says Montford. There is a moment of awkward silence, then the Constable hands the wolf-head cane to Larry. "Is this your stick?"

"Why, of course. That's the one I killed the wolf with." The other become strangely silent. Finally his father speaks up. "Larry—" Sir John hesitates. "Bela the fortuneteller was killed last night. They found your stick near the body."



The close-up you asked for: Beautiful Evelyn Ankers, out cold, as bold wolfman looks like he's about to put the bite of Dracula on her.



Before & After. Above, Wolfman menaces Heroine. Below, Evelyn gets her behind-the-scenes revenge.



"I only saw a wolf," Larry insists. "He bit me! Look here." But no mark is visible. "Why—that's funny. It must've healed up." He notices the stares around him. "Don't try to make me believe that I killed a man when I *know* that I killed a wolf!" Montford is disturbed. "We'll talk to you later." Sir John concludes that Jennie was attacked by a wolf; Bela & Larry came to her rescue, but in the confusion, Bela was killed and the wolf *escaped*.

Later that day, Bela's coffin is carried into a crypt by gypsy mourners. Larry remorsefully enters after the pallbearers have departed and stands over Bela's open coffin, regarding the corpse in silence. Suddenly, he hears someone approaching, and hurries to the shadows behind a large pillar, where he watches unseen. It is Maleva who enters and goes to the coffin. She gazes at the still face of her departed son and whispers to his outward-bound soul, "The way you walked was thorny, thru no fault of your own. But as the rain enters the soil, the river enters the sea, so tears surround your predestined end. Your suffering is over, Bela my son. Now you will find peace." Larry's mind aches with the premonition that altho Bela's troubles have come to an end, his are only beginning.

Later, Larry helps Gwen's father clear the antique shop of angry village women who are accusing Gwen & Larry of being responsible for Jennie's death. While Larry is talking to Gwen, Frank Andrews, gamekeeper for the Talbot estate, comes in with a dog on a leash. The pet takes an immediate dislike to Larry, and Frank takes it outside.

In the evening, Frank & Gwen encounter Larry at the gypsy camp. They stage a spur-of-the-moment contest at a shooting gallery, which Larry loses when he is unable to fire at a target resembling a wolf. Disturbed, he leaves the other two and wanders off alone. As he makes his way thru the forest, Maleva's soft voice calls out of the dimness of a tent. "You've been a long while coming. I expected you sooner."

"I remember you," Larry says. "That night—and in the crypt." He follows her into her tent, almost against his will. She sits down at her table before a crystal ball. Sternly she says, "You killed a wolf."

"Well," he responds uneasily, "there's no crime in that, is there?"

"Bela became a wolf; and you killed him. A werewolf can be killed only by a silver weapon—" Her eyes fall on the heavy cane. Larry leaps up. "You're insane! I tell you I killed a wolf!"

Maleva holds out her hand, a small object dangling from it. "Take this charm—the pentagram, the sign of the wolf. It can break the evil spell—for you were bitten by Bela. *And whoever is bitten by a werewolf and lives becomes a werewolf himself.* Wear this charm over your heart, always."

"All right! All right, I'll take it! What's it worth to you? I'll give you . . ."

"Go now!" Maleva commands. "And Heaven help you!"

Larry meets Gwen. As they walk, Gwen glimpses the charm Larry is wearing and asks what it is. "That's a charm from the old gypsy woman," he replies, handing it to Gwen, who gasps. "The pentagram!"

"Yes," admits Larry with a strange chill. "She said that—I am a werewolf!"

"Oh, but surely—why, you don't believe . . ." she falters. "Gwen," he declares, "I won't need this." He hangs the charm around her neck. "I want you to have it. It'll protect you."

"Protect me? From whom?"

"From me . . ."

Suddenly there is a loud clattering of boxes being loaded frantically into the nearby gypsy wagons. Larry turns. "Why, the gypsies are all leaving!" he observes. Gwen darts away. "I must go, too!"

Larry catches one of the gypsies by the arm. "What's all the excitement?"

"There's a werewolf in camp!" the frightened gypsy replies.

Stunned, Larry now feels there may be some truth to Maleva's words. He races away into the depths of the forest back to Castle Talbot. With a quick glance up at the moonless sky, he bursts inside and dashes to his room. His heart pounding, he flings himself into a chair and tears off his jacket. Feeling strange pains in his feet, he quickly removes his shoes & socks. More strange pains & unknown sensations sweep over his body and he turns his gaze to the open window. The newly-risen full moon shines in, bathing him with its brilliance. His eyes become glazed—and the mind of Larry Talbot vanishes. Coarse gray hair covers his feet & legs and the bones of his feet alter their shape. His

nails become claws.

*The Wolfman rises, pacing from the room on its padded paws.*

A hunched figure creeps thru the brush in the graveyard, crouching silently in the shadows behind a large oak. The Wolfman raises its head above the gnarled branches and gazes at its new-found prey.

A few yards away, standing unsuspecting & unprotected in the open moonlight, Richardson the grave-digger pauses in his midnight occupation. The Wolfman springs out of the darkness, hurtling the unprepared sexton to the ground. The monster, its fangs dripping the still-warm blood, howls at the moon victoriously, and the bloodcurdling cry echoes ominously across the countryside. The sinister sound brings the townspeople, led by Montford, to the graveyard, but they are too late to save Richardson: he lies dead, apparently a victim of a wolf, for the imprint of padded paws are found in the soft earth of the newly-dug grave.

In the morning, Larry makes as if from a nightmare and looks about frantically, clutching at his chest. He tears open his shirt, revealing a pentagram where he had been bitten, and he gazes in bewilderment. Confused, he arises and is confronted by the unexpected sight of wolf tracks, leading from the window to his bed; he desperately rubs them out. He dresses quickly and goes downstairs to find his father. Sir John says solemnly, "Richardson the gravedigger was killed last night. The tracks of a wolf lead up to this house." Larry asks hesitantly, "What is this story about a man turning into a wolf?"

"You mean a werewolf?" His father ponders. "Well, it's an old legend. You'll find something like it in the folklore of nearly every nation. The scientific name is *lycanthropy*."

Larry is extremely disturbed, almost trembling. "I can figure out anything," he says, pacing the room, "if you give me electric current, tubes, wires, something I can do with my hands—but these things you can't even touch!"

That night Montford, Frank & the villagers set traps and begin their hunt, carrying powerful rifles. Unknown to them, the Wolfman silently pads thru the forest nearby, its fur bristling from the chill of the dank air, crouching in a lupine position, it lopes across the damp earth, pursuing the scent of its prey.

Suddenly, the Wolfman plummets forward on its face, snarling in pain—its ankle is clenched tightly in the jaws of a trap. It snorts, crawling and thrashing about helplessly. It writhes in agony, finally collapsing from exhaustion.

The ancient Maleva drives her wagon thru the forest, having anticipated what would happen; at last she finds the fallen beast. She hurries to its side, examining the trap. The Wolfman is still unconscious. Maleva bends over it, murmuring the words she pronounced over Bela's coffin. Gradually the Wolfman's ghastly features begin to disappear, replaced by the relaxed face of Larry Talbot. He awakens to find the maternal Maleva standing over him. Larry is terrified & puzzled by his pre-

dicament. He pulls the iron jaws of the trap open with great difficulty, staggering to his feet. "Hurry!" warns Maleva. "The dogs—they are hunting you!" Larry looks around furtively and limps away as quickly as his injury will permit. He painfully makes his way to the antique shop where he awakens Gwen. "I'm going away!" he tells her. "Ob, let me go with you!" she pleads. "You wouldn't want to run away with a murderer, would you? I killed Bela; I killed Richardson!" he sobs. "There's no telling who'll be next! It might even be—" He looks down at Gwen's hand, held tightly in his, and gasps in horror—for in her palm, a pentagram materializes! He backs away, terrified. "Your hand..." he whispers. "No—NO!! It's no use!" he screams, and bursts out the door.

At Castle Talbot, Larry frantically babbles his story to his disbelieving father. He tells of Bela's death and Maleva's warnings, and of the pentagram in Gwen's hand; he declares he must get away. His father explains that the men are hunting for and will soon find the wolf. To reassure Larry, he leads his panicky son back to his room and straps him in a chair. "Now you'll see that this evil thing you've conjured up is only in your mind!" Sir John starts to leave but Larry calls out, "Dad? Take the cane with you. Please!" Sir John takes the silver-headed cane and departs. He locks Larry in the room, intent on disproving the existence of werewolves to his son—and himself.

Montford surveys the bloodhounds & hunters who lie in wait for the "wolf". Sir John, carrying the wolfcane, joins the group, and Dr. Lloyd inquires. "Did you give your son a sleeping pill? I wanted him to sleep thru all this hullabaloo." John barks, "And I want him cured—tonight! In the morning he'll have conclusive proof it was all in his mind. I strapped him to a chair—turned him to the window so he'll see something of the hunt." The doctor frowns. "I hope you won't be sorry."

Sir John stands in quiet thought a moment; then, gripping the cane tightly, he rushes away thru the woods back toward the Castle. He encounters

Maleva, who taunts him about his indecision, when suddenly shots ring out. Sir John hurries toward the sound of the guns.

Not far away, creeping thru the twisted bushes near the marsh, is the transformed Larry Talbot—the Wolfman, once more searching for prey. Where the Constable's bullet struck, no wound is visible.

Gwen fearfully enters the scene, meets Maleva. "Have you seen Larry?" Gwen asks, trembling. "I've got to find him."

"Come with me," says Maleva, "or he will find you!"

Gwen rushes away in horror. The Wolfman growls, only a few yards away, scenting the aroma of warm flesh. Sir John catches a glimpse of Gwen as she dashes thru the forest, and he pursues her, thinking she will lead him to Larry—or whatever Larry has become. The Wolfman crouches in the shadows, awaiting Gwen. At last she runs past it, and it springs fiercely out from behind a tree, attacking her. The Wolfman clutches its furred claws about her throat, choking her, and she screams... struggles... faints.

Sir John arrives suddenly. The Wolfman leaps at him ferociously. Sir John battles with all his strength. He beats the Wolfman with his cane and the two are hurled to the ground, wrestling furiously. Sir John, summoning his last ounce of strength, manages to rise and pound the cane at the fallen Wolfman. Soon all is still.

Sir John looks down at the battered night creatures; as he watches, the features of the Wolfman begin to vanish, melting back to the visage of Larry. Maleva approaches from the shadows and bends over Larry, whose face is contorted by pain; she whispers again the soothing words she recited over her own dead son's body. When she finishes, Larry's face assumes a look of utter peace. His father's expression is one of mixed pity & thankfulness.

Montford concludes: "The wolf must have attacked her and Larry came to the rescue."

The river of strife has run its course...

END

**IN LOSING HIS  
LIFE, LARRY  
REGAINS HIS  
SOUL - - -**

**AND IT IS FOR THE  
WOLFMAN A  
WELCOME  
DEATH!**



# MYSTERY PHOTO NUMBER 62

## ROCKY HUDSON? SANDY DEVINE?

Can it be TROG, Son of FROG, caught in a bag? THE NEANDERTHAL MAN up to his neck in dried muck?

The Caveman from DINOSAUR-US?

A buried manape from the crashing climax of BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES?

In case you believe we da but tease and it isn't really any of these, try re-arranging the letters in this mysterious message, FJ BEGAN NO RADIO CAR THO, and see what you get. The name of the picture & the name of its star are contained in the scrambled clue.



## ANSWER TO MYSTERY PHOTO No. 61

It was from THE CURSE OF THE FLY far a second time! Too early yet to tell how many of you tumbled to the fact but among those who correctly identified Ralph Bellamy in THE MAN WHO LIVED TWICE were Jaey Haffert, John Walham, John Stacca, Joanna Daisman, Joe Calchi, Tony Fusca, Linda Gardan, Bob Tadaralla, David France, Bob Pease, Cathy Burnett & Kim Franks.

FRANKENSTEIN

MEETS THE

WOLFMAN

and watch the fur fly as  
Monster battles Werewolf!





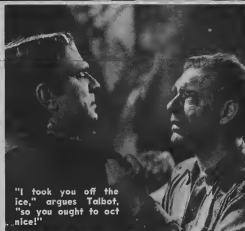
Larry Talbot discovers the Frankenstein monster encased in ice.



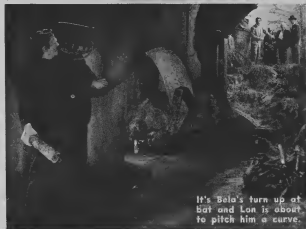
Larry (Chaney) re-animates Bela (Lon Chaney) the frozen man.



"Walk softly but carry a big stick," is Lon's advice to Bela.



"I took you off the ice," argues Talbot, "so you ought to act nice!"



It's Bela's turn up at bat and Lon is about to pitch him a curve.



Brrr! Fortunately Talbot has got his fur to keep him warm.

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ILONA MASSEY



LIONEL ATWILL



DWIGHT FRYE



MARIA OUSPENSKAYA



Pat Knowles (left) applies electric cable to Monster's life-giving electrodes.

# BEAST BATTLE OF THE CENTURY



Weighing in at 200 lbs.  
in his stalking feet—  
The Wolf Man!



Slaying in at 200 and  
with nerves of steel—  
Frank N. Stein!



Lorry Talbot attempts to control the Monster.

Rare foto af decaration in front of theoter when film was new.



Seldom seen mod lab shot: Lon, Knowles, Belo.



Close-up of  
THE WOLF MAN.



Close-up of  
FRANKENSTEIN.

The explosive climax of **FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLF MAN**. Bam!





# PROFESSOR GRUEBEARD

WORLD'S OLDEST ANSWER MAN WILL DEAL WITH AS MANY QUESTIONS AS HE CAN PER ISSUE, AT NO CHARGE TO FM READERS. JUST DIRECT YOUR

INQUIRY TO PROF. GRUEBEARD, FAMOUS MONSTERS, 145 E. 32nd ST., NEW YORK CITY, N.Y. 10016

**Q** Is there any place Bela Lugosi's fans can find out more about the greatest fear-man ever? If there is, please tell us where. Remember! Lugosi lives eternal!—CHRISTY COKE, Louisville, Ky.



BELA LUGOSI  
any books about him?

**A** Sorry to say this, Christy, but there is no authoritative biography of Bela Lugosi published in book form. Your local library may have back issues of magazines from the 1930s that would have half-true bio's of Bela written by his studios' press agents. Your best bet is to keep reading FM. We'll keep printing the truth.

**Q** On the TV show HOLLYWOOD SQUARES they are always teasing Vincent Price about having fangs and drinking blood. Yet I have never seen Mr. Price in the role of a vampire. Is there a movie I have missed?—RONALD NORTON, Worcester, Mass.

**A** No, Ron, you haven't missed anything. Vincent Price has never played in a Dracula-type or vampire role.

**Q** All Loyal FM readers know about the famous "censored" scene in FRANKENSTEIN, where Karloff throws a child into the river. I heard yesterday that there's a hanging scene that's also been snipped. What is it?—JIM ROBERTS, Heepville, Ohio.



FRANKENSTEIN, 1931  
scissored scene.

**A** In tame old England, Jim, they eliminated some frames with which we American Frankenstein fans are familiar. It's the scene where the monster hangs the hunchback (Dwight Frye), who had been torturing the monster in earlier reels.

**Q** Who played the LAGOON CREATURE? My mother said that it was James Arness but I don't think it was.—PETE ARINGANO, Brooklyn, N.Y.



LAGOON CREATURE  
who played him?

**A** Ricou Browning played the CREATURE, Pete. Since then, Mr. Browning has gone on to win an Oscar for his special underwater effects in the James Bond Movie, THUNDERBALL, and more recently he directed the TV series, PRIMUS.

**Q** In the movie THE BLOB, what was the Blob made of and how was it animated?—JAMES NICHOLS, San Ardo, Calif.

**A** THE BLOB was composed of a gelatin-like substance, the exact composition of which is a studio secret, but we have it on good authority that pallsful of blob-stuff are still in good condition and undecomposed. The substance was animated via stop-motion in only one scene, when it was crawling up a stick.



By Randy Palmer

# DRACULA IN FLAMES

you'll be scarred to death!

In 1958 Hammer Films released Terence Fisher's HORROR OF DRACULA starring Christopher Lee as Count Dracula. A classic vampire picture, it wasn't until 7 years later, in 1965, that Dracula was resurrected. DRACULA, PRINCE OF DARKNESS (also directed by Terence Fisher) gave horror fans a practically mute Count, again in the imposing person of Christopher Lee. (Watch for PRINCE OF DARKNESS on TV.)

The third sequel, DRACULA HAS RISEN FROM THE GRAVE (see FM #59), was the start of Hammer's yearly Dracula films. Made in 1969, it was reported that RISEN grossed more at the box-office than HORROR had 11 years earlier. 1970 saw TASTE THE BLOOD OF DRACULA, probably the best in the series since the original.

Last year, Hammer released its fifth Dracula film. Like its predecessors, SCARS OF DRACULA boasted good production values, fine acting and an interesting, though somewhat trite, script. A loud music score was supplied by James Bernard and special effects were handled by Roger Dickens. The film was directed by Roy Ward Baker. Briefly, here is the story:





Victim of the vampire's violence.



One of his winged minions comes on wings of night to woken his sleeping Master.

## prisoner of dracula

After the killing of a young girl, the villagers of Kleinenburg set fire to Castle Dracula in the hopes of destroying the evil Count. The castle soon a blazing inferno, the villagers return to the town church to pray for their safety. There they find their women slaughtered; killed by a huge flying bat.

Later, at a birthday party given in honor of Sarah Fransen (Jenny Hanley), young Paul (Christopher Matthews) makes his escape from the police, hunting him after a rendezvous with the Burgomeister's daughter. Searching for a place to bed down for the night, Paul comes across a local tavern but is refused entry by the landlord. Shut out, he makes his way through the forest and finds a black coach standing unattended. He climbs in and falls asleep. Upon awakening, Paul finds himself at Castle Dracula, from which he cannot escape.

**"someone always gets it on the dawn patrol!" commander dracula, shot down in flames!**

Worried about Paul's safety, Sarah & Paul's brother, Simon (Dennis Waterman), search for him and they, too, end up at the castle, where they are met by Count Dracula (*Christopher Lee*) and Dracula's servant, Klove (Patrick

Troughton). Simon learns from Klove that Dracula plans on making Sarah his sister-in-blood and they must escape. With Klove's help, they do.

Returning to Kleinenburg, Simon leaves Sarah with the village priest and sets out alone to end Dracula's existence. But when the priest is killed by a bat controlled by Dracula, Sarah flees and returns to the castle to be with Simon. There, after a brief battle with Simon, Dracula is enveloped in flames when lightning strikes an iron poker he is holding. Sarah & Simon watch as Dracula falls to the ground below, dead.

## "for the blood is the life"

Although SCARS OF DRACULA cannot compare to HORROR OF DRACULA (not many films can), it is still a very fine film. Christopher Lee as the sanguinary & supernatural Count is indeed supernal, the epitome of evil, the master of terror.

It is interesting to note that Lee *never looks any older* in his roles as Dracula. In fact, he seems to appear younger in SCARS OF DRACULA than in any of his previous Dracula pictures.

Would that he could! One wishes that such a fine actor could indeed remain his present age (49) to continue to give us hundreds more films as good as HORROR OF DRACULA or



Dracula has...dined...and now lies supine in his coffin.

Alaaf on the roof. Nate Dracula ring (a copy of Bela Lugosi's) on right little finger. Ring, which he now wears in all his Dracula films, was a gift from Farry Ackerman.



**HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES.** Since his film debut in 1947 in **CORRIDOR OF MIRRORS**, Lee has given us over 100 feature films and has appeared in over 15 TV series. (He will soon begin work on a television series for NBC entitled *Theater Macabre* which will contain no less than 26 episodes featuring the versatile star!)

## film career of a first class fiend

Concerning Christopher's past, he was born on 27 May, 1922 as Christopher Frank Carandini Lee, and received a scholarship at Eton College (though he received most of his education at Wellington College) in England. He became a master of foreign languages, easily speaking French, Italian, German, Spanish, Russian & Swedish.

In 1939, at the beginning of World War Two, Lee trained as a fighter pilot for the RAF but was soon transferred to Intelligence. He has medals from French, African, German, Italian and other areas of operation. It was during this time that Lee thought of becoming an actor and, with luck, was able to break into the cinema world in 1947 and continue for several years in largely minor roles.

Then, after what he has stated was his "first really good part" (the Marquis of St. Evremonde in **A TALE OF TWO CITIES**), Lee secured the role of the monster in Hammer Films' **CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN**, the first color film presenting the Frankenstein legend. This led to his most famous role to date: the great undead in **THE HORROR OF DRACULA**.

## husband, father, vampire...

Four years later, in 1961, Lee married model Birgit Kroencke, who accepts his macabre roles just as part of his job. On the other hand, their daughter, Christina, takes the whole thing as some enormous joke, though she has not seen any of her father's horror films.

Of particular interest is the fact that Lee will be appearing in a television documentary about the *real* Count Dracula, a Russian army general who fought the Turks in the (appropriately) 13th century. He earned the name "The Impaler" justly and for obvious reasons. Lee will be working on the TV special in the heart of Transylvania, where shots of the actual castle of Dracula will be taken. He is also scheduled to appear as the Dracula we all know and love in a film to be made this year about Bram Stoker's life.

## return to scardom

Returning to **SCARS OF DRACULA**, some mention must be made of one of Hammer's finest character actors, Michael Ripper. In **SCARS**, Ripper plays a sensitive and cautious landlord of a local tavern (similar to his role



Dracula begins to disintegrate.



**A fiery end for the undying fiend.**

in *RISEN*), the leader of the villagers who, at the outset of the picture, destroy Dracula's castle.

Though his parts in Hammer films are generally of minor importance to the plot, in recent years one has come to expect Mr. Ripper to appear in every single Hammer production. He excels in most any type of role, from the coachman in *THE BRIDES OF DRACULA* to the police inspector in *TASTE THE BLOOD OF DRACULA* and *PLAGUE OF THE ZOMBIES*.

Mr. Ripper was born on 27 January, 1913 in England. It was during his enrolment at the Central School of Speech Training & Dramatic Arts that he got his start in motion pictures.

His favorite of his own performances was his role in Hammer's 1958 production, *CAMP ON BLOOD ISLAND*. (The film is also known as *THE SECRET OF BLOOD ISLAND*.)

### **the shadows know...**

An overlooked but outstanding actor in *SCARS OF DRACULA* is Patrick Troughton, who plays Dracula's servant, Klove. Troughton's Klove is a character to be pitied, a shadow of a man now destined to serve Dracula for the rest of his existence. Troughton manages excellently to give the part emotion and the character comes off very well on the screen.

The musical score is suspenseful and the Technicolor photography very skillfully han-

dled, to say the least. The nighttime photography is especially beautiful.

Roy Ward Baker's direction keeps the film moving at a clean, steady pace and Roger Dickens' special effects are alone worth the price of admission.

Like many of Hammer's films, *SCARS OF DRACULA* will and already has received much criticism, obviously due to the excessive blood & gore. However, Hammer Studios is the only continuing source of high quality fright films with competent acting & direction and stable production values.

### **drac is back**

This year's Dracula film is titled *DRACULA - TODAY* and stars Christopher Lee & Peter Cushing. There is also a possibility that Hammer will make a "Dracula In India" so to speak, naturally with Christopher Lee in the title role. This film was originally scheduled to go before the cameras at Bray before *DRACULA - TODAY* (originally known as *DRACULA CHELSEA*, 1972) but with Lee's continuing statements of his feelings toward playing in any more Hammer-Dracula pictures, Hammer decided to film *DRACULA - TODAY* first.

Whether the "Dracula In India" comes through or not, *DRACULA - TODAY* should repay watching.

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Schlockthrapus, alias the Missing Lunk, milks his role for a million laffs. And he'll make an Instant Basket Case out of anyone who disputes his claim that he's the Greatest Dribbler since basketball was invented.

52

you'll groove & grok  
on the funtastic

# SCHLOCK!

the creature from the schlock  
lagoon

**W**hat is the funniest horror film ever made? ABBOTT & COSTELLO MEET DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE? THE FEARLESS VAMPIRE KILLERS? THE CAT & THE CANARY?

Wrong!

Kongfidentially, it's a 7-letter title destined to make its mark along with other famous 7-letter names such as WOLFGAN, VAMPIRE, CYCLOPS, PHANTOM, IMHOTEP, etc.

It's—

S cary  
C reepy  
H orrifying  
L udicrous  
O minous  
Crazy  
K ookie  
SCHLOCK!

When Detective Sergeant Wino (introducing

Saul Kahan) learns via the grapevine that the entire paid-up membership of Southern California's famous Canyon Valley Metaphysical Bowling Society has been brutally SLAUGHTERED at its annual picnic, alarm bells ring in his ears (he set the clock for six) and he confides to his earnest assistant Ivan (introducing Joseph Plantadosi): "I suspect foul play!"

It is the latest in an inexplicable string of mayhem murders which the press & TV have dubbed the "Banana Killings" due to the fact that wherever dozens of dead bodies are found, somewhere close around there is always bound to be a discarded banana peel.

Clue or coincidence? Sgt. Wino means to find out.

Arriving on the scene of the ghastly carnage, the sergeant's sensitive soul is sickened by the shocking sight and he vows to stop the killer, whoever (or whatever) he (or it) is. "I vow to stop the killer," he says, "whoever (or whatever) he (or it) is."

Like, VOW! How dedicated can you get?



Left, JOHN LANDIS, just out of his teens, who at 21 has repeated the Wellesian achievement of writing, directing & acting in his own picture (he plays Schlock). Right, RICK BAKER, another FM fan making good: he created the immensely realistic Schlock "suit" & face. Center, foreground: aid broken down Western character actor "Farwest" Jack Erman, on whom the boys took pity and gave a cameo role (that's cameo, not camel) in the picture. Background, Mighty Joe Young puts in Guest Ape Appearance.

## the cart before the hearse

As the ambulance attendants, police & paramedics (a paramedics is two doctors) are carting away the bodies from the blood-drenched picnic grounds, Wino discovers a still-twitching victim from whom he hopes to extract a clue but the dying man seems more concerned over a pair of lost cufflinks than in identifying the mass-murderer for he expires with the words on his lips, "Missing link." Carefully removing the words from the dead man's lips, Sgt. Wino scours the gory picnic grounds (with a brillo pad he had conveniently brought with him) in search of the lost link. The link is eventually found—cleverly concealed on a nearby golf-course—but that is another story, one we may some day see depicted in de picture SON OF SCHLOCK.

Meanwhile, back at the banana plantation...

## the shock of schlock

Sometime later, four teenagers, hiking in the

countryside, come across a withered skull. Bobby, Barbara & Betty are terrified but brave Billy believes it is a sinister souvenir of the Banana Killer and shouts out a challenge to the monster to show himself.

Shortly thereafter Billy falls into a hole.

His friends fearfully follow him, discovering an underground cave crammed with bloody bones & banana peels.

Braver than the rest, Billy splits from the group for some independent groping in the eerie darkness. He finds more dead bodies and one living one—

### SCHLOCK!

Schlock (introducing John Landis in the role he was born to play) is the last of the big time *Schlockthropus Erectus* genre, a paleontological anachronism, to put it in simple terms, who has somehow survived from the Upper Crustacean or Lower Godzillian Era of the dawn of time.

In the silent era of films, Bull Montana as the Missing Link in THE LOST WORLD was outstanding; in recent times, the apemen & man-apes of the PLANET OF THE APES series and SPACE ODYSSEY have been extraordinarily



realistic. Now, challenging the best of all time, comes the Schlock suit & make-up, the work of 20-year-old FM fan Rick Baker, who's been a filmonster devotee for more than half his young life. He began by making his own experimental 8mm horror movies and by the time he was 19 had collaborated on the professional monster movie OCTOMAN. He created his own make-up for his performance as a two-headed gorilla in THE THING WITH TWO HEADS starring Ray Milland, made a King Kong for a Volkswagen commercial and now solos with his ape-man suit & make-up for SCHLOCK. FM predicts a brilliant future for Rick Baker... and that goes for FM fan John Landis too, who not only plays the Ape-man with amazing conviction but wrote the screenplay and directed the picture! Another Orson Welles? A second Bogdanovich? A first Landis?

Meanwhile, back in the cave...

## **schlock strikes again**

The monster man gives foolhardy Billy the old hammerlock and when he screams for help, Bobby goes to investigate—and is killed by a single blow from Schlock.

Betty & Barbara flee to police headquarters where they report the murders. Sgt. Wino calls out the force and notifies Prof. Shlibovitz.

A few seconds before the police arrive to barricade the cave, Schlock climbs out of it. The ape-man wanders unnoticed thru the crowd of on-lookers as ace newscaster Joe Putzman (Eric Allison) interviews the professor for TV. At the studio preview, the straightfaced lecture given by the paleontologist, with its pseudo-scientific jargon, had the audience roaring. In fact, no one present failed to pass the Roar Schlock test.

Prof. Shlibovitz takes his life in his hands and climbs down into the hole to look for the Missing Link.

In the meantime, the Missing Link, not realizing that he is missing, wanders in front of Putzman's TV camera and, sensing an exclusive, the newsman attempts to interview him.

Schlock tears off Putzman's arm.

The crowd—including the cops—panics and flees. Wino, not realizing he is without support, advances boldly on the ape-man and handcuffs him. But when Wino discovers the fuzz has fled, he hastily backs off and Schlock escapes.

## **a schlock odyssey**

Schlock sets out to explore the contemporary world of Southern California and along his banana-hunting way encounters children, a housewife, ducks, hardhats, a hippie and other wonders.

Mindy, a blind girl who has had an operation



Academy Award Winning Make-up Maestra JOHN CHAMBERS (PLANET OF THE APES series, NIGHT GALLERY etc.) appears in front of the cameras for a change. (Right.)

Shades of SON OF FRANKENSTEIN (remember the late Lionel Atwill as the wooden-faced inspector with limb to match?) as Schlock snatches off newsman's arm!



and may soon be able to see, returns home with her eyes bandaged to rest in her backyard. Schlock peers over her fence and it is love at first sight! (His sight—she can't see yet.)

Schlock approaches Blind Beauty cautiously. She thinks him a dog, pets him and sends him fetching sticks.

Sometimes later Mindy regains her vision and goes to her backyard seeking her "dog". Her "pet" is behind a fence where he observes Mindy kiss her boyfriend Cal (Charles Villiers). When Cal leaves, Schlock enters the scene. He tenderly approaches Mindy as before but now, her sight restored, the girl gets one look at the schlockthropus and lets out a horrendous scream of horror.

Following Mindy into the house, Schlock proceeds to wreck her bedroom when Cal re-appears on the scene and traps him there.

Wino & his men arrive. Wino gives his assistant Ivan a whistle and himself dons a female gorilla mask. His strategy: he will go into the

house and lure Schlock out, whereupon Ivan will blow the whistle on Schlock and the police will blast him to Kingkong come. Correction: kingdom come.

## **schlock runs amok**

Wino steals into the front doorway but at that moment remembers something and turns to tell his men.

*Whistle! BLAM!*

After the smoke clears, the fuming Wino, his clothes riddled like a cartoon character, starts to chew out his men when the monster crashes thru the door, knocking the boys in blue black-& blue, and makes his way to an ice cream truck, where he coolly appropriates a popsicle before escaping again.

Schlock heads for the seclusion of the countryside and there, in a little saloon, sits down be-



Schlock goes berserk in school auditorium and before you could say "Pithecanthropus He Wrecked Us"—  
schoal's aut!



"Let me show you the way Torzon taught me to play!"

"Haw would you like o tongue sandwich, Kevin Collins?"



"Gimme thot bat, you brat, ar I'll make you ball!"

"Sorry, that's the breaks of the ole game, buster!"





Above: 1931, and the classic scene where Boris Karloff is shown how daisies float and make a boat. Below: 1973—Schlockenstein! And our shaggy friend learns from little Dono Collins that slices of bread cast upon the waters come back as soggy sandwiches...





Half Man, Half Apo, Semi-Schlock is about to launch a Flying Saucer.



Future victim rehearsing for scene that'll saan  
land 'em in a hearse!

Eliza Garrett decides to grin & bear it when  
Schlock gives her hammerlack!



side a blind musician who teaches him to play the piano. Let's see, it was violin lessons that the blind hermit gave the Frankenstein monster, wasn't it?

Half a dozen murders later, give or take a couple, a swinging dance is in progress in a school gym when Schlock drops in (literally: he leaps from a rafter onto the crowded floor) and pandemonium ensues. With singleminded purpose Schlock pursues his heart throb Mindy, causing a chaotic jumble of crashing chairs, smashing punchbowls, bowling over bodies, tearing streamers & screaming teenagers.

Mindy sees Schlock and faints.

## the beast at bay

Schlock decimates the dancers, including Cal, and, like Rotwang of Metropolis before him; and the Somnambulist of Caligari and Quasimodo of Notre Dame and Kong of Skull Island; he slings the supine female form over one arm like a sack of potatoes and heads for the heights. The heights in this case aren't quite the top of the Empire State Bldg.—the roof of the gym isn't quite that high—but it is the high spot of the picture.

Sgt. Wino astutely deduces that the situation is desperate. Actually it is a job for Superman but Kirk Alyn was having his suit pressed at the time so Wino does the next best thing and calls out the National Guard.

"Hello, is this the National Guard? Well, we have a national here that we need guarded."

The Captain (JOHN ta-da CHAMBERS Himself In Person in his Acting Debut!) makes a guarded statement, then heads with his men for the gym. "There's only one way to deal with a beast like that!" he growls. "Gun 'im down, boys!"

"Too risky," Wino opines. "Can't risk hitting Mindy." Instead, he flares up for a second time in the picture, lighting a couple of highway emergency flares and tossing them up on the roof, succeeding in scaring the pyrophobic Schlock into dropping Mindy into Cal's arms.

As the National Guards ready their rifles, Schlock leaps from the roofs.

The rifles bark. Schlock barks back. The guards let loose a rain of gunfire. Schlock shrugs off the bullets like raindrops.

Following in the footsteps of the Indestructible Man, the Ymir, Blacky LaGoon, the Teenage Werewolf, the Blob, the Godfather and scores of monsters before him, Schlock proceeds inexorably to pointblank range.

NO ONE SEATED during the final 10 seconds of the film because you'll be rolling in the aisles.

Especially when Prof. Shlibovitz (you'd forgotten about him in that cave down there, hadn't you?) emerges all smiles from the hole, bearing in his arms—

Guess what!

END

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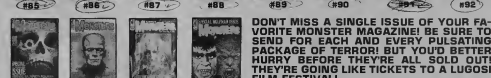
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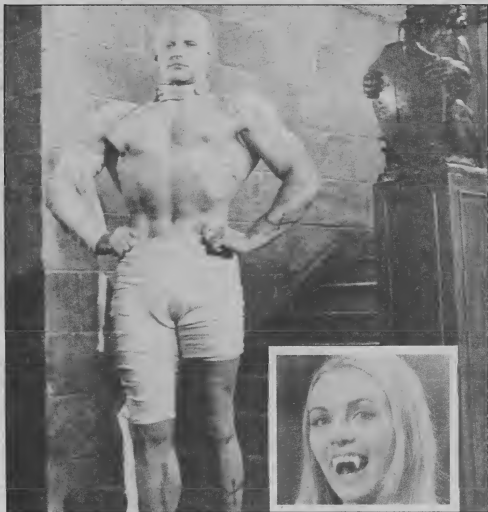
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# FRANKENSTEIN AND THE VAMPIRES!





## new horrors from hammer

**T**HE HORROR OF FRANKENSTEIN is coming! and here's first look for *FM* readers at what he looks like (see photo in left). He's Dave Prowse, British athletic champ, all scarred up and ready to scare, while Kristen Betts (photo insert at left) is one of the girls

who's fangful that Peter hasn't caught up with her—but don't place any Betts that he won't! Meanwhile, Ingrid Pett loses her head (as many a young lady before her) over Peter Cushing (above).



# THE CRITIC'S CRYPT

## MENACE OF THE MUTANT MASTER

by Kurt Mahr

160 pages, Ace Books, 75¢

If you haven't caught up with the world's only 20 million word long serial yet, it's high time you gave this high adventure sci-fi series a try.

MENACE OF THE MUTANT MASTER is the 18th of the monthly episodes in "magabook" form, translated by the same Wendayne Wahrman (Ackerman) of "Rocket to the Rue Morgue" fame and in addition there's a movie dept. every "issue". Scientifilm World, by FM's own editor, a pair of Shock Shorts (Forry wrote one of them this time, called "The Survivor" and has another coming up in #20, "The Skyscraper Kidnappers"), the serialization of the sequel to HG Wells' WAR OF THE WORLDS (which Geo. Pal has announced as his next film project) and other fascinating features.

The piece de resistance, of course, is the Perry Rhodan adventure, as the Peaceclord of the Universe and his mutant corps meet up with an evil mental mastermind bent on conquering the world of the future.

As with all episodes of this unique series, the action is fast & furious, in the nostalgic spirit of the science fiction of the Good Old Days of "The Skylark of Space" & "Captain Future" & Earth-Saver Edmond Hamilton.



## KARLOFF

by Peter Underwood  
238 pages, Drake Publishers,  
\$5.95

First, the photos. There are 28 of them, approximately half of which will be new to readers of FM. The gem of the lot is a 1907 shot of Karloff, an unlikely looking lad to grow up to become the world's most beloved monster.

This book is more about the life of King Boris than his many films, stage, radio & TV performances, most of the details already known from Editor Ackerman's FRANKENSCEIENCE MONSTER of 4 years earlier but there is a certain amount of new & fascinating material, especially personal recollections of the young Billy Pratt by friends still living who were fortunate enough to know him "way back when."

16 pages are devoted to "Frankenstein" alone and another 15 to "The Aftermath of Frankenstein."

The book is loaded with typographical errors altho it is doubtful that any BK buff would be put off buying it because Claude Rains has the "e" left off his first name or the wurdalak of "Black Sabbath" is called a wrudalak, and other errors of that nature.

From his garbled account of it the author obviously never saw THE GHOUL, in which he reports Karloff played a dual role (untrue) and one might have expected him to take notice of the fact that Sir Ralph (Tales from the Crypt) Richardson was a member of the cast. Still, in all, a must for every Karloff fan.



## THE DINOSAUR DICTIONARY

by Donald F. Glut

218 pages, Citadel Press, \$12.50

WOW, whatta book! EVERYTHING you have ever wanted to know about dinosaurs but didn't know one personally that you could ask.

The author is the very same who wrote "To Be Frank" in FM#83, "When the Airwaves Trembled" in The Frankenscience Monster and whose byline you have seen frequently in Vampi and Eerie etc. He bit off a monumental chunk of work for himself and has masticated it in masterful fashion.

As David Techter of the Rochester Museum & Science Center observes in one of the two introductions to the book, "Millions have beheld the image of these extinct reptiles on service station signs, on television, at World's Fairs or at Disneyland and countless youngsters have admired their skeletons in the nation's museums. I have known a 4-year-old who could spout off 'Stegosaurus' and 'Triceratops' before she could identify a tiger or elephant. Everyone loves dinosaurs." (With the notable exception, of course, of King Kong.)

There are over 400 illustrations—alone worth the price of the volume, steep as it admittedly is. There are stills from Ray Harryhausen's ANIMAL WORLD and GWANGI and O'Brien-Delgado's silent LOST WORLD, from the arch-ives of FM, and fabulous paintings by the Czech master of prehistoric life, Zdenek Burian.



## THEMES FROM MOVIES HORROR

Dick Jacobs & Orch.  
Coral, Stereo, \$5.75

If you want an LP albumful of good horror movie music, this is it. Arranger/conductor Dick Jacobs is faithful to the 14 soundtrack themes. No lazying it up with any of that menacing jazz stuff—Mr. Jacobs respects the composers' intentions, and energetically plays the creaky dissonances and shuddering tremolos as they were written, but with thicker orchestration. And rattling chains.

Among the film-musics this album immortalizes are: "Son of Dracula," "This Island Earth," "The Mole People," "House of Frankenstein," "Horror of Dracula," "The Deadly Mantis," and all three of the Lagoon Creature films. This reviewer's favorite cut is the queasily melodic theme from "The Incredible Shrinking Man." The term "haunting beauty" may best be bestowed upon it.

This album was recorded about a decade ago, and among the horror film composers represented on it, is a "new" fellow named Henry Mancini. Yes; THE Henry Mancini. Here are his themes from "Tarantula," and "The Creature Walks Among Us." One wonders if his great hit song, "Moon River," didn't first germinate in his head as "Lagoon River," or something.

Now to the next aspect—corny humor. There's a pretty clever batch of it on the album jacket notes and the intros penned by Mort Goode, and narrated brightly in the "voices" of Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi and Peter Lorre by one Bob McFadden.



# THE CRITIC'S CRYPT

## THE WAR OF THE WORLDS

Audio Rarities  
LPA # 2355 \$5.98

Here, on one LP record is most of the original history-making "War of the Worlds" broadcast of Halloween eve, 1938. That broadcast by Orson Welles and his Mercury Theatre troupe literally scared the bejabbers out of thousands of gullible radio listeners, inspiring nationwide panic and mass-hysteria. Mars, it seemed, was attacking the world, and there was no way to repel the hordes of gas-spewing, heat ray brandishing, intelligent, malevolent, conquest-bent, Martian octopus critters.

Of course, it was all meant to be a harmless Halloween radio prank, a contemporary retelling of H.G. Wells's "War of the Worlds," convincingly concocted by author Howard Koch, under the supervision of the great actor/director/genius, Orson Welles. But the hoax backfired, and triggered off a mass panic and scandal within the radio industry. The resulting publicity catapulted Koch and Welles to Hollywood and to greater creative glories. Using a little imagination, one sees how people got scared. It's an excellent adaptation.

Author Howard Koch in 1967 wrote a book about the whole story, "The Panic Broadcast," including newspaper clippings and the original script. Following the script along with the record, one finds only a couple of minor omissions from the complete show, made so it could fit on one 50 minute record. It's a fine bit of trivia for nostalgia buffs, fans of old time radio, students of drama, H.G. Wells and Orson Welles aficionados, amateur anthropologists, and Martian octopi.

## THE GHOULS

Edited by Peter Haining  
400 pages, Pocket Books \$1.25

This is one of the best buys (in wordage) you can get. There's 400 pages of stories that have been turned into 18 horror and fantasy films, plus 16 pages of photos from these films, plus a filmography, giving cast and credits, plus an introduction by Vincent Price, and an afterword by Christopher Lee. The book has everything but FM Editor Forry Ackerman.

There's not much more to say, but that everyone will have favorites (mine's Stephen Vincent Benet's "The Devil and Daniel Webster," filmed as "All That Money Can Buy").

To whet your appetite, other contents are: "Devil in a Convent," by Francis Oscar Mann; Poe's whimsical "Dr. Tarr & Prof. Fether," Nathaniel Hawthorne's "The Scarecrow," "Phantom of the Opera," by Gaston Leroux; "The Magician," (based on the old fraud Satanist, Alister Crowley) by Somerset Maugham; "Freaks," by Tod Robbins; Richard Connell's "Most Dangerous Game,"; Bram Stoker's "Dracula's Daughter," (really a werewolf tale); R.L. Stevenson's "The Body Snatcher," W.F. Harvey's "Beast With 5 Fingers," Ray Bradbury's "The Foghorn," (Beast From 20,000 Fathoms); Langelaan's "The Fly,"; Bierce's "Owl Creek Bridge,"; Lovecraft's "Colour Out of Space,"; Robert Bloch's "The Skull," and Poe, again, with "The Oblong Box."

## DRACULA

by Bram Stoker  
Airmont, 75¢ 317 pages

This is one of those classics that everyone makes films about, but nobody reads. Reading the classic "Dracula" is an experience and a half—and infuriating, for one sees how relatively tame the Bela Lugosi version of "Dracula" was—as are practically all other filmed "Draculas."

Bram Stoker had certainly done his homework, when this novel was unleashed in 1897—put every trapping of lore and bare and hex imaginable, into the book. Stoker fully developed the character of the Prince of Darkness, intermingling and finalizing every aspect of what we now consider to be a vampire's character. The fear of crosses, and wolf-bane and silver bullets and stakes, the "fact" that no vampire can enter your abode unless you let him in, the sleeping in the coffin bit, the hairy palms—all of these aspects weren't really used in "vampire" novels and yarns until Bram Stoker's book. Some aspects were old Middle European superstitions, and lore about one historical Count Drakula of the middle ages, but much of it was Stoker's own imagination.

They really ought to film "Dracula" right—the gaunt, clammy cold undead man with the bushy eyebrows and the physical strength of 20 men, who can turn into an animal at will, and command obedience of all that flies, prowls or slithers by night. Quite a character!

## TALES FROM THE CRYPT

adapted by Jack Oleck  
121 pages, Bantam Books, 75¢

This is the fourth incarnation of the five stories in this book.

Just to confound you: they first appeared in the early 1950's, in various good ol' EC horror comic books (before the lily-sweet Comics Code Authority assassinated the EC line). In the early 1960's, they appeared in a short line of Ballantine EC paperback reprints. Then in the 1970's, one Milton Subotsky took the general themes of the five grisly stories, and the notion of the Cryptkeeper, and spun them all into a hit British horror quintet film, **TALES FROM THE CRYPT**, which features (among others) Patrick Magee, Joan Collins, Peter Cushing, and as Cryptkeeper, Sir Ralph Richardson. Now, veteran comic book writer Jack Oleck has turned Subotsky's screenplay to prose.

It's a pretty faithful rendition. To the film, that is. Oleck nicely fleshes out with motivation and description the characters and settings, and tames down the more elaborate gore.

If you missed the film, or saw it and liked it, and/or you are an EC comics fan-dicted completist, this is for you—like American grown tea, boiled in an English kettle, and poured back into an American cup. Care for one lump in your throat, or two?

## THE WAR OF THE WORLDS



## The GHOULS



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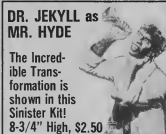
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- Location of Known Offices of Publication (not printers): 145 E. 32nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10016
- Location of the headquarters or general business offices of the publishers (not printers): 145 E. 32nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10016
- Names and addresses of Publisher, Editor, and Managing Editor. Publisher: James Warren, 145 E. 32nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Editor: Forrest J. Ackerman, 7th floor, 145 E. 32nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Managing Editor: None.
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It is possible to win the Centennial Contest even if you've won one of the preceding competitions. So don't delay, start sending in those fotos right away!

Mail pulsating pix to MONSTER MAKE-UP, Famous Monsters, Warren Publishing Co., 145 E. 32 Street, New York, New York 10016.



The "HOUSE OF HORROR GANG", winners of this issue's Monster Make-up Contest, flank the dummy of Dorion Gray (seated center). Left to right, the "living" members are: Dan, Marc, Lohai, Catherine and Heloie, of Fanta Rosa, Karlof-farnia, each getting a 9-issue subscription.

## BASHFUL MONSTER?

Fearless field reporter Gary Eskerb, of Louisiana, Mo., sent in a clipping (at right) from his local newspaper and had this to add about what seems to be a real-life monster:

"Mo-Mo the Monster is 7 to 12 feet tall, has three toes, smells, is hairy and is afraid of people." Gary forgot to say how many feet the 3 toes are spread out upon. We may never know.



Actual news clipping.

## CAST YOUR BALLOTS!

A Monster Poll is being taken by Bart Busterna, 225 Etna Street, Brooklyn, New York 11208. He wants all readers to vote for their favorite actor in each of 3 categories:

- (1) All-Time Greatest Horror Star.
  - (2) Second Bloodanas (like Dwight Frye, Tor Johnson).
  - (3) Worst Horror Star
- Winners will be announced in early 1973.

# GORYSPONDENTS by Walter Windchill

Let each postbox pulse with baleful balesful of living letters from other undead monster fans across the country and around the globe! If you care to pounce onto this poison pen-pal list, send your name and address and a brief description of your uncontrollable interests to: GORYSPONDENT, GRAVEYARD EXAMINER; Warren Publishing Co., 145 E. 32nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.



**MIKE POWERS** FITCHETT JR., 21, of 23 Pennsylvania Ave., Springfield, Mass. 01118, identifies himself as "a practicing magician" and a fan of Chris Lee, Vincent Price, Hammer Films and "all that is horror!"... Those who're drawn uncontrollably to "(1) Japanese movie monsters, (2) Gerry Anderson/Century-21 TV shows and (3) Roger Cor-

Hypnotic of Dr. Acula has one MISS ANGELA D. BENNETT under his spell and she'd like to goryspend with vampire buffs. She wants a copy of Montague Summer's "The Vampire: Its Kith and Kin". Write P.O. Box 65, Dudley, Georgia 31022 ... **DAVID**



man's 1950s horror films write **ROBERT E. CRAIG**, 35 Shadowood Rd., Fairfield, Conn. 06430... If you "Like vampires, werewolves & monsters" you'll hap'ly find that **MICHAEL BENNETT**, 107 W. Cunningham, Bonham, Texas 75418 does too... If you are



**MIKE KOGER** "Any one who is interested in witchcraft & horror" write to 12-year-old **DIANNE SWARTZ**, 207 Polk St., Grand Forks, N.D. 58201... An amateur monster builder who is stuck on making the arms ("Any Ideas?"), is a buff for Japanese flix, **TIM CRAWFORD**, 940 N. Franklin St., Manchester, Iowa 52057.



**MARISA YOUNG**



**BART BUSTERNA** APO, New York, N.Y. 09020: **JOHN WENDLING**, 2718 Jackson St., Anderson, Indiana 46014; and **ART GIL-EWSKI** (who also likes sci-fi movies & books), 14, of 10 Schwalm Cir., Saint Catharines, Ontario, Canada... **MARISA YOUNG**, 13, of 5093, 500 Ave. E. Oak Harbor, Washington 98277, is



**LEO CAFFREY**



**GARY ESKER** bone, and would like to write to a boy who's about 14." 14-what? 14-headed, 14-legged? 14-years, probably, tho we doubt if a 7-year-old set of Siamese twins would suffice. **DON REESE** of 128 S. Casselman St., Sioux City, Iowa 51103, writes "I am 13 (close to 14) and am really interested in John Carradine, Lon Chaney Jr., Boris Karloff, werewolves, Kong, Godzilla & the Lagoon Creature. Thank you"... **RICHARD DUNAY**, 14, of 89 Norman Lane, Levittown, N.Y. 11756, cares to scribe correspondence with those who idolize Godzilla, Trog, the Wolfman, Karloff & Chaney Jr..



**DON BISHOP**



**LOUIS FABIANO**

and prefers some penpal who's also his age (14)... Make & buy monster movies? Likewise does **MIKE MANOS**, 219 E. Maplewood, Dayton, Ohio 45405, who's interested in all monsters... **PHIL STINE**, 118 Eleventh St., Covington, Indiana 47932 "likes shock endings

## EDGAR ALLAN POEMS

### ODE TO DARK SHADOWS

1. "Dark Shadows, Dark Shadows,"  
Those words ring so clear,  
Now that it's cancelled  
Let's all shed a tear.

2. But it hasn't died yet,  
I doubt it ever will,  
As long as there's a D-S movie  
To still give us a chill.

5. Let us now to our coffins retire  
And thus await the next movie  
And hope (if not gravely know)  
It will be just as groovel!

3. "House of Dark Shadows,"  
Oh! What a thriller  
Most viewers agree  
'Twas also a chiller

4. Then "Night of Dark Shadows"  
Was also quite gruesome,  
Don't you think Dave & Kate  
Made a beautiful twosome?

—SCOTT TAYLOR, Rockville, Indiana

By the beard of the baleful bard, start scribing today! Send your poems to **EDGAR ALLAN**, c/o Famous Monsters, Warren Publishing Co., 145 East 32 St., New York, N.Y. 10016

## CLASSIF-HYDE ADS

**I'M LOOKING FOR** Outer Limits trading cards (will even buy complete mint set). Keith Barnes, 4727 - 183 Place S.W., Lynnwood, Washington 98036.

**570 Horror-Fantasy films** in a list (some include release date and the stars). Send \$1 and Stamped Addressed Envelope to Mark Simmet, 615 N. Washington, New Ulm, Minn. 56073.

**THE GOONIE GUIDE:** The World's 1st & Only Newspaper from Transylvania (endorsed by Count Dracula himself). 15 pages of funny pix, drawings, stories, jokes & all. (Free set of fangs with each order of one sample fanzine).

50¢ coin plus 18¢ in postage to **THE G.G.**, 2522 Walnut Ave., Altoona, Pa. 16601.

**Like to play the game of Hyde & Seek?** To see if you can flush out of hiding someone who has what you're seeking, you may take advantage of our **FREE** service by addressing your wants to **CLASSIF-HYDE ADS C/O** Warren Publishing Co., 145 E. 32 St., New York, N.Y. 10016.

**FAN CLUB FANS**

My brothers, my cousin and I have started a Monster Fan Club. Our club magazine is **FAMOUS MONSTERS**. We really like it. Our club has models of all kinds of famous monsters—**DRACULA**, **THE MUMMY**, **WOLFMAN**, **MR. HYDE**, **KING KONG**, the **LAGOON CREATURE** and the **SALEM WITCH**. We're going to get more models. Your Bela Lugosi Special Issue was **GREAT!**

**DOUG LAMOREUX**  
**DAN LAMOREUX**  
**MITCH LAMOREUX**  
& **MIKE SPENCER**  
Brooklyn, N.Y.

**WANTED! More Readers Like**



**WILLIAM HENDRICKS**

**FAN-NIVERSARY ISSUE**

Janes Warren,  
Forrest J. Ackerman:

We are asking you to read this letter.

**FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND** is nearing its 100th issue. This calls for something special. We think that a hardcover book should be published:

**"FAMOUS MONSTERS PRESENTS THE BEST FROM OUR FIRST 100 ISSUES"**

We are sure it would be great. It would be a mammoth edition. It could have an article from each issue; filmbooks, interviews, movie previews, etc. Full reprints with a color photo of the cover of the issue it came from to introduce it. Then special sections with scream tests, *You Axed For Its*, *Mystery Photos* and thousands of other such.

Almost every FM fan would certainly buy this book. (And if they don't, at least two of us will have one.) Seriously, though, we're positive that such a book would sell out, and that every FM fan would be proud to own one.

Thank you very much.

**DOUG NATHMAN**  
**PHIL WATKINS III**  
Indianapolis, Fla.

\* Such an opus would not only

be impossible, given our current production schedule, but we're also certain that it would be beyond the budget of most of our readers.

However FM #100 will certainly be great and super-special and at a price you can afford, and it will be treasured all your life. And after-life, too!

FM is a great magazine and, as a loyal reader, I'd hate to see it feature only gory new films.

**JOAN P. HIGGINS**  
New City, N.Y.

**WANTED: More Readers Like**



**HENRY VALENZUELA**

**METROPOLIS MISSED**

Mr. Ackerman perpetually raves about the film-masterpiece **METROPOLIS**, but I

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haven't seen a full paragraph about it. Why is this?

I read the book and discovered its unique and awesome qualities. Its amazing text could only have been given life by the great Fritz Lang himself!

So PLEASE write up the whole film, before I get up a signed petition! A film book would be most delightful!

PS: My edition of the book **METROPOLIS** is the one introduced by **METROPOLIS FAN #1**, Forrest J. Ackerman, himself! **GREAT JOB, FORRY!**

**MICHAEL J. PATE**  
Apt. 5A Rotwang Towers  
Metropolis  
24 July 2026

\* **METROPOLIS** was covered in depth long ago and far from now, in **SPACEMEN** magazine, issues #2 & #3, a

full story synopsis and inside production notes & fotos galore of the overwhelming sets and the stars & bizarre costumes. **SPACEMEN** can be ordered from the Captain Co. Back Issue Dept. Hope you like the treatment, Mike!

**WE WANT TO READ  
YOUR MAIL, MONSTER!**

Send us your letters & photos—and then watch this Fang-mail Dept! You may appear in print!

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